

# Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Marz

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## A CARTER OF VIRGINIA

When The Woman had settled back in the handsomeness of her velvet-lined automobiles her thought traveled across the years that were ended, coming up sharply to the elaborate entertainment of which she had been hostess the evening before, and she smiled a queer twisted smile for which there seemed no reason whatever, for certainly the dinner had been a brilliant affair and had gone off without a hitch.

There had been the usual wonderful gold plate and cut glass; the customary perfect cuisine; the same flawless conduct of servants; a brilliant run of repartee, and a hostess whose beauty and charm was an unceasing wonder to all those whose lives she touched.

Yet The Woman as she skimmed along over the city streets in her handsome car, smiled her queer and twisted smile as her thought traveled back over the highly successful dinners and scores of other equally brilliant entertainments which she had graced since she became the mistress of The Man's beautiful home.

When The Woman's name was announced at the afternoon reception the hostess of the day turned to the Stranger Guest and remarked that the beautiful woman just coming in was one she should cultivate.

"She's a Carter of Virginia, my dear. Belongs to THE Carters. An invitation to her house means an open sesame to society."

The smile of The Woman as she heard, became a wee bit more twisted than formerly, and a flush mounted to the roots of her glittering hair.

Refreshments had been served. The Stranger Guest hovered over The Woman much as if her soul's salvation depended upon the latter's pleasure, and other guests at the little gathering openly courted her favor.

"Our hostess tells me you are one of the Virginia Carters," frowned the Stranger Guest, and the flow of small

claw and paw until I was quite exhausted. You see I had my father's high spirit, and charity was hateful to me. When I was fourteen I went to work, and step by step I climbed until I became a mannikin in a fashionable importer's shop.

"One day a man came in with his sister. She had won a gown from him on a wager and he had come to help her in the selection, or else to see that she did not pay too much for it. He gave the former reason for his coming. She said it was the latter. Anyway he liked the mannikin better than the gown, and later he asked me to dinner with him.

"The man is my husband," said The Woman quietly. "I was but eighteen when we were married. We lived abroad where he sent me to school for four years before he brought me back to be the mistress and hostess of his house."

The handsome room was heavy with ominous silence when The Woman's voice became still. The hostess of the day had given a resentful exclamation in the middle of the recital which told The Woman quite plainly that she did not thank her for her choice of scene for her confession, and the Stranger Guest, who had fawned for The Woman's favor, had withdrawn quite to the end of the room during the telling of the sordid little tale.

While here and there a smile flitted from shallow face to shallow face in derisive comment, and The Woman, as she talked, both saw and understood.

"In the two-room house which my father gave my mother when they were married there was no foolish pride. In the one room my mother was afterward able to provide for her babies there was no dishonesty. She made a hard fight but it was a worthy one. And though these years that I have stood silently by while people introduced me 'A Carter of Virginia—one of the Carters'—I have been sick with shame; hot with disgust; miserable with hypocrisy and deceit. Why, my



"I Am Sorry," She Said, "But You Are Quite Mistaken."

talk ceased an instant awaiting The Woman's answer. Her fine eyes traveled around the group of faces stamped by the hollow lives behind them, and back again to the eager eyes of her waiting questioner.

Then, like a lighted bomb thrown among them came her reply in calculating and cutting tone.

"I am sorry," she said, "but you are quite mistaken. My mother was a Carter, but not a Carter of Virginia. She came from a shiftless little middle West village, and my father was the village blacksmith. My mother was a farmer's daughter and the maid of all work for some well-to-do folk in her vicinity. She left school at fourteen and went out to work, and when she was seventeen she married the village blacksmith—a big, fine fellow with plenty of brawn and little of learning. They lived in two rooms where three children came to them—I being the last.

"One day a terrible accident happened in the shop and my father was killed. My mother loved him, and she grieved herself almost to death. I think we saved her—the babies. We had to be fed and clothed, and sheltered you see—it's a way with babies. So my mother took to washing. We lived in one room and I slept at the foot of the bed. We ate our dinner on a small table by the stove. Some times there was not enough to eat, and mother would wish someone would help us, and often they did—some aid society, or individual, and every time it happened I would go out in the back yard and fling myself in a fit of temper on the ground and

own butler has been more honest, God-fearing, and decent than I!"

"But now you all know and I am glad, glad, glad!"

And The Woman made her farewell with a smile that had lost every whit of its twisted queeriness, although it radiated something of the amusement she felt in watching the varying expressions of her thoroughly scandalized auditors.

## The Main Question.

A man was arrested on the charge of robbing another of his watch and chain, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It was said that he had thrown a bag over his victim's head, strangled and robbed him. There was so little evidence, however, that the judge quickly said: "Discharged!" The prisoner stood still in the dock, amazed at being given his freedom so soon. "You're discharged," repeated the judge. "You can go. You are free." Still no word from the prisoner, who stood staring at the judge. "Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. Get out!" shouted the judge. "Well," stammered the man, "do I have to give him back his watch and chain?"

## All the Same.

Son was reading the financial page and turned to inquire: "What is the difference between a call loan and a time loan?" "Generally speaking," said Dad, "there is no difference at all. Before you can get a fellow to repay a call loan, you have to call and call again and if it's a time loan, you have to call time and time again."

## AFTERMATH OF WAR

Unexploded Shells a Source of Great Danger.

Are Destroyed With Special Pains When They Are Discovered, But Undoubtedly Will Be Cause of Many Deaths.

The unexploded shell is one of war's cruellest dangers, since it may kill or maim the innocent and unsuspecting—perhaps years after the fighting is all over and peace reigns in the land. Even when unexploded projectiles are seen and recognized as such, their removal or destruction is attended with great danger. Mr. H. Vigorson tells how the French army in the field is accustomed to deal with this element.

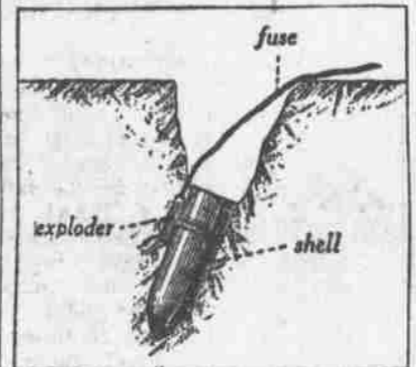
He writes: "All shells fired by artillery do not explode, perhaps because their fuses are not sensitive enough, or because the ground is too soft. It would seem that from this special point of view the prize must be awarded to the Germans for the largest number of non-exploded shells. This is so true that soldiers on the march are afraid to run across these shells and that, where the Germans have passed, care must be taken lest the wagons strike an unexploded shell with too violent a shock. The danger persists after the war is over; and, unfortunately, for long years we shall have to deplore, from time to time, the death of imprudent persons who have tried to 'uncover a fuse' or carry away an unexploded shell.

"In fact, every shell, even if its fuse is incapable of working and causing its explosion, is in a dangerous condition.

By one method of doing away with them the charge of explosive intended to burst the shell is placed on the projectile, parallel to its axis. . . . At the right and left piles of earth are made with the hands and joined over the top, pressing lightly on the part just over the charge to assure contact with the shell. . . . The fuse is lighted and the soldier retires to a distance of about 1,500 feet, or a less distance behind the earthwork.

"If the shell is buried the excavation is cleaned out so as to disclose the butt of the projectile; and then, without touching the shell, a hole is made in the earth along its axis into which the explosive charge is introduced.

"When the shell is to be dealt with is charged with an explosive, such as melinite or cresylite, one exploder is generally sufficient to dispose of the



"Safety-First" Treatment of Buried Shell.

entire charge. The precautions to be observed are the same as when the shell is charged with powder, but account must be taken of the greater distances to which the fragments may be thrown, which may reach a half mile.

"These facts show how dangerous may be a shell found on a battlefield. The engineers who go out to destroy them surround the shell, when it is of large caliber, with planks, wooden bulwarks and piles of earth, in order to limit the danger zone. There is need for complicated apparatus and for skilled men. It is hardly worth while, therefore, to risk one's life, and those of one's companions, by collecting unexploded shells."

German Scientific Discovery. All the German scientists are not at the front, nor has the war wholly stopped the research work of those who remain at home. A new element is said to have been discovered by Professor Goehring of Karlsruhe, whose name is known in the realm of physico-chemical experiment. According to his claim, uranium, itself originally supposed to be an elemental substance, has yielded to disintegrating tests and has given off a simpler substance, to which Professor Goehring gives the name of brevium. The new element belongs to the radioactive group, but it is yet too early to assign it a position of relative importance or to judge of its possible scientific and commercial value.

## Silence on the Bench.

Judicial commendation of the oyster is made by Chief Justice McBride of the Oregon supreme court in Edwards vs. Mount Hood Construction company, as follows: "The writer knows from experience on the circuit bench that it is sometimes very difficult for a judge to refrain from making comments on a case during the progress of the trial, and especially where an apparent injustice seems to have been perpetrated; but after a reversal or two occasioned by this practice he concluded to go, not to the ant, but to the meek and lowly oyster, to consider its ways and be wise, and to keep the judicial mouth shut. He commends the example of the silent to all trial judges."

## Described in Detail.

"What did Joan of Arc wear?" "She wore," answered the girl at the foot of the class, "a suit of steel, trimmed with sheet iron, and cut along father severe lines."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Boss Is Busy.

The boss—Anybody call while I was out?

Oh!—a boy—No, sir.

Boss—Gee! Then I'll have to go out again. I told Brown to call today and get his money.

Oh!—a boy—No, sir.

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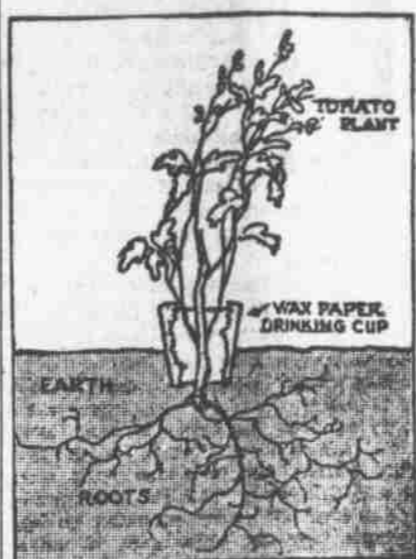
## CUTWORM IS DEFIED

Long Island Man Has Found Way to Save Tomatoes.

Increases Young Plants in Wax Paper Drinking Cups, After Cutting Out the Bottom of the Cup—Plan Works Well.

L. J. Bisbee of Malverne, L. I., has found a novel use for wax paper drinking-cups after they have been used. He, like many other persons, grows tomatoes in his garden and has discovered that by cutting the bottom out of a drinking-cup, slipping the young plant through what is left and planting so that the cup is half buried in the earth, the plant will be safe from cutworms.

Mr. Bisbee says that cutworms attack the tomato vines just at the level



How the Vine is Planted.

of the ground and never come above the surface. The cup acts also as a reservoir, holding moisture in the soil it contains and letting it soak down to the roots without washing out into the surrounding earth.

He uses the cups, also, in planting slips of any sort, cutting a hole in the bottom for drainage, filling with earth and placing the whole in the ground. As the slip grows its roots destroy the remnants of the cup.

## Concrete or Earthworks.

The Engineering Record says that every new war offers great scope to the skill of the engineer. One problem, for example, that needs to be solved immediately is to find the material that will best resist modern high explosives. Concrete, the mainstay of modern fortifications, is obviously almost useless—at least in its usual form. A few shells charged with high explosives knocked to pieces the towers of permanent concrete forts, or if they did not hit them, toppled them over by completely shattering their concrete bases. Temporary earthworks, on the other hand, and one or two forts heavily banked with earth, resisted attack by such shells with measurable success. A shell penetrates concrete, and then exploding, rends the whole mass, whereas on entering earth it merely blows out a big hole, which the falling dirt partly fills. In our Civil war an active shoveling party could quickly repair any damage to an earthwork that even heavy bombardment could do. The question now is whether concrete can be so repaired as to stand the shock, or whether recourse should not be had to some improved form of earthwork. Certainly it is true that a few feet of loose dirt, or even of snow, would stop a bullet that would pierce a half-inch iron plate, and the same principle seems to hold good for heavy projectiles.

## Ships Chinese in Sacks.

Harry E. Brock of Seattle, who was arrested recently while driving an unlicensed automobile carrying two Chinese concealed in canvas sacks, confessed that he has been engaged in a thriving Chinese smuggling business for seven months and that for each subject brought into the United States from Canada he received \$200. Brock was delivering the Chinese to Hop Quick Co. company of Portland. Ching Chong Kee, a merchant of Vancouver, British Columbia, was the Canadian agent in the deal.

Brock said he picked up the Chinese seven miles north of the international boundary line, walked them ten miles and used his automobile from Blaine the remainder of the distance.

## Training Italian Soldiers.

The Italian soldier undergoes a more severe training in some respects than a friend or enemy in the armies of Europe. His day begins at 4:30 a. m., and drill and routine continue, with a two-hour break of compulsory repose, until 5 p. m. After that he has four hours' freedom, but must be back in barracks by nine (or 8:30 in winter), and is supposed to be abed when, half an hour later, the bugles sound the "silenzio." He is extremely well cared for by the authorities, but long marches are reckoned among the essentials of his training, and some regiments can cover sixty miles at five miles an hour, and consider it nothing remarkable.

## A Woman's Way.

"Sir, we are starting a new railroad and want your daughter to drive the first spike."

"I have no doubt she will consider it an honor to officiate."

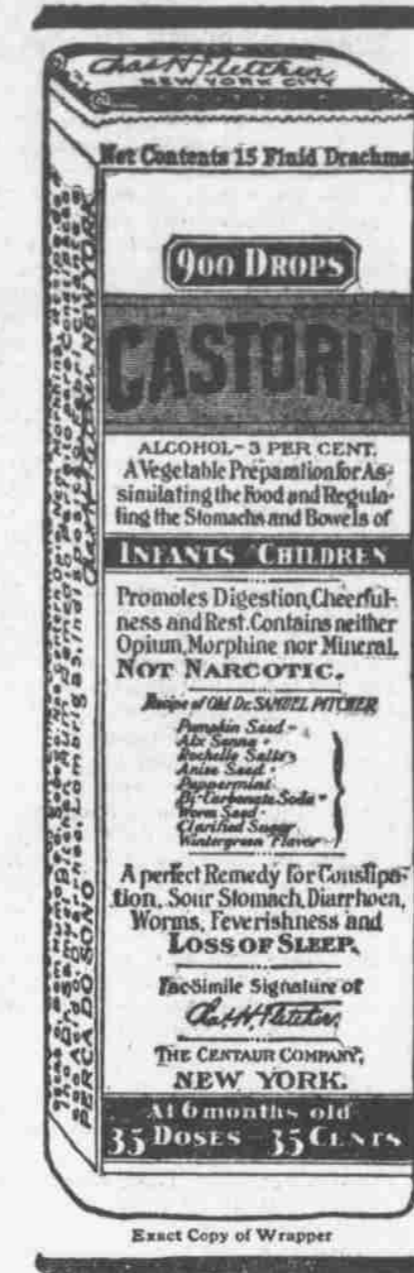
"Thank you. We have provided a small gold spike. Also a silver hammer."

"One minute, I don't think she could drive a spike with a hammer. Better provide a hairbrush."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Wise View.

"I read today that on the roof of a bank in Montevideo there has been installed a powerful searchlight which illuminates every part of the city," said the wisest young thing.

"Well, all I have to say about that is that it must be a poor place for the sale of hammocks," replied the young man by her side.



## Children Cry For



## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## WANTED TO SEE THE RESULT

Little Willie Evidently Had at Some Time Beheld a Slot Machine in Operation.

There are some very funny things in a big store besides the things the girls say about the floorwalker or the fancies the ribbon-counter boys have about the personalities of buyers and heads of departments.

For instance: The other day a small lad, with an unmistakable stamp of the country, was trailing his mother along through a big store. He was hanging back, and she was pulling. The boy never had been in a big store, and the place was full of many wonders.

All of a sudden the pulling and lagging became a stubborn, and pronounced utter stoppage.

"Come on, Willie," said the mother.

"Aw, maw, wait," begged the boy.

"No," protested his mother. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look!" cried the boy. He was pointing to a young man leaving an employees' time clock, which the young man had just punched.

"Wait, maw," continued Willie. "I want to see what he wins!"

## Of Far More Importance.

Pat and a friend were reading an account of a shipwreck, in which they were greatly interested.

"Pat," said his friend, "in case of a shipwreck, presence of mind is worth everything else."

"Presence of mind, ye say," replied Pat earnestly. "Faith, and I don't agree wid ye. In toime of shipwreck, absence of body is of far more importance than presence of mind."—National Monthly.

## The Grand Smash.

"So you bought an auto. How are you getting along?"

"On crutches."

As the sun is to the moon so is the natural blonde to the peroxide.

## Unexpected Chicken.

A stranger arriving in a small town, hailed a passing resident and inquired:

"Can you direct me to a place where they take boarders?"

"Hemmandhaws keeps 'em," the man replied.

"Is that a pretty good place?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"Have chicken very often for dinner?"

"Reg'lar and unexpected."

"What do you mean by regular and unexpected?"

"They have chicken reg'lar every Sunday—"

"I see—"

"And also have it when an automobile unexpectedly kills one in the road."—Judge.

## Shrapnel in Warfare.

Shrapnel is most effective against prone skirmishers at ranges from 1,000 to 3,000 meters, when burst twenty-eight to twenty-two meters short of the target, and against standing skirmishers at the same ranges when burst fifty-six to forty-five meters short of the target. Black also points out that a single shrapnel from a light field howitzer produces a greater number of hits when the point of burst is favorably situated than one fired from a field gun.

Shrapnel is also playing a most important part in aerial warfare, and of these antiaircraft shrapnel, all of which embody the same general essentials, there is perhaps none more effective than that known as "Ehrhardt antiaircraft shrapnel."

## One Advantage.

"Traded your motorboat for an aeroplane, eh? What's the idea?"

"Well, there's this about an aeroplane—even if the engine does break down, you're bound to land somewhere."

## Different.

Ten—Do you like the Boston hop?

Chem—Naw, I takes Chinese dope for mine every time.

## RULES OF UP-TO-DATE ZOO

Compiled for the Benefit of Visitors Who Without Proper Guidance Might Get Into Trouble.

All persons are prohibited from playing with the animals. If you are a monkey, don't recognize your friends at the zoo. Fraternizing with the animals is considered a serious offense, no matter if the animal shows more intelligence than the one trying to torment him.

It shall be unlawful to stroke the whiskers of Caesar, the male lion, or to pull the tails of any of the lions at any time. Visitors must not interfere with the food that is given the lions or put their hands into the mouths of the beasts.

Making eyes at the b-boons and shaking hands with the monkeys are not permitted at any time. Visitors must not pull the horns of the buffalo or strike the ears of the ostrich. Children are warned not to ride on the backs of the deer.

Violations of these park regulations will be punishable by solitary confinement in the dog pound for six months.—Springfield News.

## All His Fault.

One witness in a recent police court case was an old Irish woman.

Immediately the prisoner's lawyer asked her a question she began talking, and talked and talked and talked.

"Stop! Stop!" ordered the magistrate, hammering on his desk.

"But the old woman still talked on. 'Here, you in the witness box, do be quiet!'" thundered the magistrate again. "Oh, do stop for a minute!"

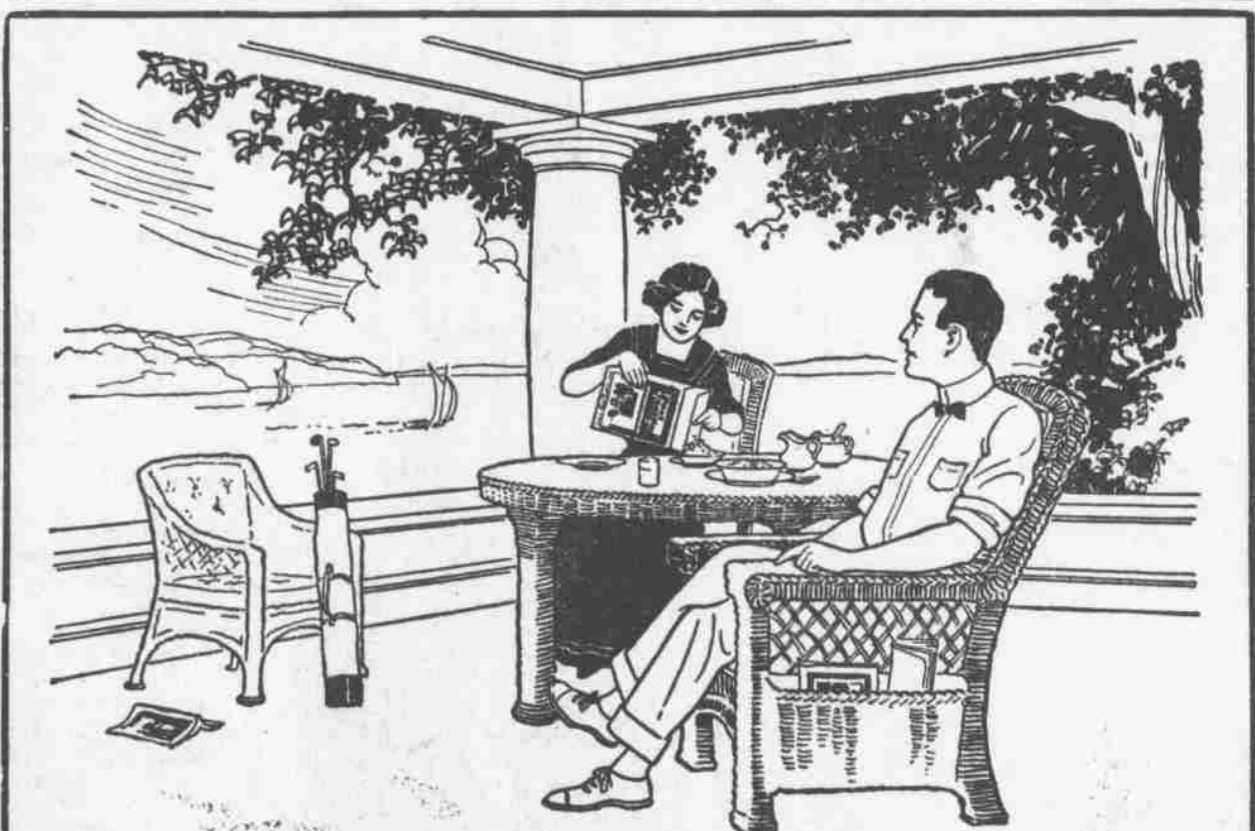
And the old woman still went on. Then the magistrate turned angrily on the lawyer.

"Look here, Mr. —," he shouted, "you started her—now stop her!"

## No Change.

"Was she self-possessed when you proposed?"

"Yes; and—er—she still is!"—Answers.



## Summer Comfort

is wonderfully enhanced when rest and lunch hour unite in a dish of

# Post Toasties

There's a mighty satisfying flavour about these thin wafery bits of toasted corn.

So easy to serve, too, on a hot day, for they're ready to eat right from the package—fresh, crisp, clean. Not a hand touches Post Toasties in the making or packing.

Served with cream and sugar, or crushed fruit, they are delicious.